

The Wanderer

Verse Indeterminate Saxon

Oft him anhaga are gebideð,
metudes miltse, þeah þe he modcearig
geond lagulade longe sceolde
hreran mid hondum hrimcealde sæ,
5

wadan wræclastas. Wyrð bið ful aræd!
Swa cwæð eardstapa, earfeþa gemyndig,
wraþra wælsleahta, winemæga hryre:
"Oft ic sceolde ana uhtna gehwylce
mine ceare cwīþan. Nis nu cwicra nan
10

þe ic him modsefan minne durre
sweotule asecgan. Ic to soþe wat
þæt biþ in eorle indryhten þeaw,
þæt he his ferðlocan fæste binde,
healde his hordcofan, hycge swa he wille.
15

Ne mæg werig mod wyrde wiðstandan,
ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman.
Forðon domgeorne dreorigne oft
in hyra breostcofan bindað fæste;
swa ic modsefan minne sceolde,
20

oft earmcearig, eðle bidæled,
freomægum feor feterum sælan,
siþþan geara iu goldwine **minne**
hrusan heolstre biwrah, ond ic hean þonan
wod wintercearig ofer **wapema** gebind,
25

sohte sele dreorig sinces bryttan,
hwær ic feor oþþe neah findan meahte
þone þe in meoduhealle **min** mine wisse,
oþþe mec **freondleasne** frefran wolde,
weman mid wynnum. Wat se þe cunnað,
30

hu sliþen bið sorg to geferan,
þam þe him lyt hafað leofra geholena.
Warað hine wræclast, nales wunden gold,
ferðloca freorig, nalæs foldan blæd.
Gemon he selesecgas ond sincþege,

35

hu hine on geoguðe his goldwine
wenede to wiste. Wyn eal gedreas!
Forþon wat se þe sceal his winedryhtnes
leofes larcwidum longe forþolian,
ðonne sorg ond slæp somod ætgædre

40

earmne anhogan oft gebindað.
þinceð him on mode þæt he his mondryhten
clyppe ond cysse, ond on cneo lecge
honda ond heafod, swa he hwilum ær
in geardagum giefstolas breac.

45

ðonne onwæcneð eft wineleas guma,
gesihð him biforan fealwe wegas,
baþian brimfuglas, brædan feþra,
hreosan hrim ond snaw, hagle gemenged.
þonne beoð þy hefigran heortan benne,

50

sare æfter swæsne. Sorg bið geniwad,
þonne maga gemynd mod geondhweorfeð;
greteð gliwstafum, georne geondsceawað
secga geseldan. Swimmað **eft** on weg!
Fleotendra ferð no þær fela bringeð

55

cuðra cwidegiedda. Cearo bið geniwad
þam þe sendan sceal swiþe geneahhe
ofer waþema gebind werigne sefan.
Forþon ic geþencan ne mæg geond þas woruld
for hwan **modsefa** min ne gesweorce,

60

þonne ic eorla lif eal geondþence,
hu hi færlice flet ofgeafon,
modge maguþegnas. Swa þes middangeard
ealra dogra gehwam dreoseð ond fealleþ,
forþon ne mæg **weorþan** wis wer, ær he age

65

wintru dæl in woruldrice. Wita sceal gepyldig,
ne sceal no to hatheort ne to hrædwyrde,
ne to wac wiga ne to wanhydig,
ne to forht ne to fægen, ne to feohgifre
ne næfre gielpes to georn, ær he geare cunne.

70

Beorn sceal gebidan, þonne he beot spricedð,
oþþæt collenferð cunne gearwe
hwider hreþra gehygd hweorfan wille.
Ongietan sceal gleaw hæle hu gæstlic bið,
þonne **ealre** þisse worulde wela weste stondeð,

75

swa nu missenlice geond þisne middangeard
winde biwaune weallas stondaþ,
hrime bihrorene, hryðge þa ederas.
Woriað þa winsalo, waldend licgað
dreame bidrorene, duguþ eal gecrong,

80

wlonc bi wealle. Sume wig fornom,
ferede in forðwege, sumne fugel oþbær
ofer heanne holm, sumne se hara wulf
deaðe gedælde, sumne dreorighleor
in eorðscræfe eorl gehydde.

85

Yþde swa þisne eardgeard ælda scyppend
oþþæt burgwara breahntma lease
eald enta geweorc idlu stodon.
Se þonne þisne wealsteal wise gepohte
ond þis **deorce** lif deope geondþenceð,

90

frod in ferðe, feor oft gemon
wælsleahta worn, ond þas word acwið:
"Hwær cwom mearg? Hwær cwom mago? Hwær cwom mapþumgyfa?
Hwær cwom symbla gesetu? Hwær sindon seledreamas?
Eala beorht bune! Eala byrnwiga!

95

Eala þeodnes þrym! Hu seo þrag gewat,
genap under nihthelm, swa heo no wære.
Stondeð nu on laste leofre duguþe
weal wundrum heah, wyrmlicum fah.
Eorlas fornoman asca þryþe,

100

wæpen wælgifru, wyrd seo mære,
ond þas stanhleoþu stormas cnyssað,
hrið hreosende **hrusan** bindeð,
wintres woma, þonne won cymeð,
nipeð nihtscua, norþan onsendeð

105

hreo hæglfare hælepum on andan.
Eall is earfoðlic eorþan rice,
onwendeð wyrda gesceaft weoruld under heofonum.
Her bið feoh læne, her bið freond læne,
her bið mon læne, her bið mæg læne,

110

eal þis eorþan gesteal idel weorþeð!"
Swa cwæð snottor on mode, gesæt him sundor æt rune.
Til biþ se þe his treowe gehealdeþ, ne sceal næfre his torn to rycene
beorn of his breostum acyþan, nemþe he ær þa bote cunne,
eorl mid elne gefremman. Wel bið þam þe him are seceð,

115

frofre to fæder on heofonum, þær us eal seo fæstnung stondeð.

The Wanderer

Translated by Robert E. Diamond

Often the solitary dweller awaits favor for himself, the mercy of the Lord, although he, anxious in spirit, has long been obliged to stir with his hands (i.e., row?) the ice-cold (lit. frost-cold) sea over the path of the waters, to travel the paths of exile. (5b) Fate is utterly inexorable (lit. resolute).

(6) So spoke the wanderer, mindful of hardships, of cruel slaughters, of the death of beloved kinsmen: Often alone each dawn I have had to bewail my sorrows; there is not now any one living (lit. none of the living) to whom I dare speak my mind openly. (11b) In truth I know that (it) is a very noble custom in a man that he should bind fast his mind, guard the treasury of his heart, let him think as he will. (15) (One) weary in spirit cannot resist fate nor (can) the troubled thought afford consolation (lit. perform help); therefore (those) eager for glorious reputation often bind fast in their hearts a gloomy (thought). (19) So I, often wretched, deprived of my native land, far from my noble kinsmen, have had to bind my mind with fetters, since (the time) years ago (when I) hid in the concealment of the earth (i.e., buried) my gold-friend (i.e., generous lord), and I, abject, winter-grieving (i.e., in a mood as dreary as winter? oppressed by ad-

vancing years?) went from there over the surface (lit. binding) of the waves, wretched, I sought the dwelling of a dispenser of treasure (i.e., generous lord), (sought) where I might be able to find far or near some one who, in a mead-hall, might know of my (people) or might be willing to console me, friendless, comfort (me) with pleasures. (29b) He who experiences (it) knows how cruel is sorrow as a companion to him who has few friendly protectors for himself. (32) The path of exile attends him, not twisted gold, a mournful spirit, not earthly prosperity. He remembers the warriors in the hall (lit. hall-warriors) and the receiving of treasure, (remembers) how in his youth his gold-friend (i.e., generous lord) entertained him at feasting. Joy has all disappeared !

(37) Therefore he who must know (how to) do without the instructive speeches of his beloved friendly lord for a long time, when sorrow and sleep together often bind the wretched solitary (one). (41) It seems to him in his mind that he is embracing and kissing his lord and laying his hands and head on his knee, as he sometimes formerly in the days of yore enjoyed the gift-throne (i.e., the throne where his lord sat dispensing gifts). (45) Then the friendless (lordless?) man awakens again, sees before him the dark waves, (sees) seabirds bathe (and) spread their feathers, (sees) hoar-frost and

snow fall mingled with hail.

(49) Then the wounds of the heart are the more severe,
painful (with longing) for a loved one. Sorrow is renewed
when the memory of kinsmen passes through his mind; (he)
greet (them) joyfully, eagerly regards (his) comrades in
arms (lit. companions of warriors). (53b) They float away
again. The spirit of the floating ones (i.e., phantoms) does not
bring there many familiar songs. Care is renewed for him who
must very often send forth his weary spirit over the surface
(lit. binding) of the waves.

(58) Therefore I cannot imagine why throughout this
world my mind will not grow gloomy when I consider all the
life of men, how they suddenly left the hall (lit. floor of the
hall), the courageous young retainers. (62b) So this world
every day (lit. each of all days) is crumbling and falling;
therefore a man cannot become wise before he has his portion
of years in the world. (65b) A wise man must (be) patient,
nor must he (be) at all too irascible nor too hasty of speech
nor too weak a warrior nor too reckless nor too fearful nor
too elated nor too avaricious nor ever (lit. never) too eager
for glory before he really knows--a man must wait, when he
makes a vow, until, bold-spirited, (he) really knows whither
the thought of his heart will turn.

(73) A clever man ought to realize how terrible (it) will be when all the wealth of this world stands waste, as now variously (i.e., here and there) throughout this world walls stand wind-blown, covered with hoar-frost, the dwellings storm-beaten. (78) The wine-halls are crumbling, the rulers lie dead, deprived of revelry, all the band of warriors has fallen proud by the wall. (80b) War destroyed some, carried (them) away; a bird carried one off over the high sea; the gray wolf shared one with death; a sad-faced man hid (i.e., buried) one in a grave.

(85) Thus the Creator of men laid waste this dwelling-place, until the old works of giants (i.e., buildings) stood vacant, without the noise of the inhabitants. (88) He then thoughtfully (lit. wisely) reflected upon this place of ruins (lit. wall-place) and profoundly meditates upon this sad life, wise in heart, (he) often remembers many slaughters in battle far (back in time) and speaks these words: (92) Where has the horse gone ? Where has the warrior gone ? Where has the giver of treasure gone? Where have (lit. has) the banquet seats gone? Where are the revelries in the hall? Alas, bright cup ! Alas, armored warrior ! Alas, princely splendor (lit. splendor of a prince) ! How that time has passed away, grown dark under cover of night, as (if) it had never been!

(97)

Now the wall, wondrously high, decorated with serpent designs, outlasts the beloved band of warriors. (99) The force (lit. forces) of ash-wood spears destroyed the warriors, weapons greedy for slaughter, (and) fate, that fated (one), and storms beat upon these stone slopes (walls?), a driving (lit. falling) snowstorm binds the earth, the howling of winter, when (it) comes, (all) dark, the shadow of night grows dark, sends from the north a fierce hailstorm, to the vexation of men. (106) All the kingdom of the earth is full of hardships, the decree of the fates changes the world under the heavens. (108) Here wealth is transitory, here friend is transitory, here man is transitory, here kinsman is transitory, this whole foundation of the earth is becoming empty. (111) So spoke the (man) wise in spirit, sat apart in secret meditation. Good is he who keeps his pledges, nor ought a man ever (lit. never) make known the grief from out of his breast too quickly, unless he, the man, should know beforehand how to bring about a remedy with fortitude. (114b) It will be well for him who seeks grace for himself, comfort from the Father in heaven, where for us is (lit. stands) all security.

The Wanderer

Translated by Benjamin Thorpe

'Oft the lonely one experiences compassion,
the Creator's kindness; though he with sorrowing mind,
o'er the watery way, must long
agitate with his hands the rime-cold sea,
go in exile tracks; his fate is full decreed.'-- (5)

So said a wanderer, of his hardships mindful,
of hostile slaughters, his dear friends' fall.--

'Oft I must alone, each morn,
my care bewail: there is now none living,
to whom my thoughts I dare (10)
tell openly. I in sooth know,
that it is in man a noble quality,
that he his soul's coffer fast bind,
hold his treasure. Strive as he will,
the weary-minded cannot fate withstand, (15)

nor the rugged soul'd help effect;
even the ambitious a sad one oft
in their breast's coffer fast bind.
So I my thoughts must,
oft miserable, from country separated, (20)

far from my friends, in fetters bind,
since that long ago my bounteous patron
earth's cavern cover'd, and I abject thence
went, stricken with years, over the billowy mass;
sad sought the hall of some munificent lord, (25)
where I far or near might find
one who in the mead-hall my ** might know,
or me friendless would comfort,
allure with pleasure. He knows who tries,
how hapless is care as a comrade (30)
to him who little has of faithful friends;
him an exile's track awaits, not twisted gold;
a trembling body, not earth's riches:
he remembers the hall-retainers, and receipt of treasure;
how him in youth his bounteous patron (35)
train'd to the feast; but pleasure all has fall'n;
for he knows who must his dear lord's,
his lov'd master's lessons long be depriv'd of,
when sorrow and sleep at once together
a poor solitary often bind, (40)

that seems to him in mind, that he his lord
embraces and kisses, and on his knee lays
hands and head, as when he ere at times,
in former days, his gifts enjoy'd;
then wakes again the friendless mortal, (45)
sees before him fallow ways,
ocean fowls bathing, spreading their wings,
rime and snow descending with hail mingled;
then are the heavier his wounds of heart,
painful after dreaming; sorrow is renew'd, (50)
when his friends' remembrance through his mind passes;
when he greets with songs, earnestly surveys
the seats of men, swims again away.

The spirit of seafarers, brings there not many
known songs: but care is renew'd (55)
to him who must send very abundantly
over the billowy mass his weary spirit;
therefore I cannot think, throughout this world,
why my mind it saddens,
when I the chieftains' life all consider; (60)

how they suddenly their halls resign'd,
the proud kinsmen. So this mid-earth
every day declines and falls;
therefore may not become wise a man, ere he has pass'd
his share of winters in the world. The sagacious must be patient,
must not be too ardent, nor too hurrying of fortune,
nor too faint a soldier, nor too reckless, (67)
nor too fearful, nor too elate, nor too greedy of money,
nor ever too vaunting, ere he be well experienced.

a man must wait, when he a promise utters,
till that he, bold of spirit, well know (71)
to what his breast's thoughts shall lead.

The prudent man should understand, how ghastly it will be,
when all this world's wealth shall stand waste,
as now divers, over this mid-earth, (75)
with wind shaken walls stand,
with rime bedeck'd: tottering the chambers,
disturb'd are the joyous halls, the powerful lie
of joy bereft, the noble all have fall'n,
the proud ones by the wall. Some hath war destroy'd,
borne on their journey hence; one the fowl hath borne away
o'er the deep ocean; one the hoar wolf (82)

by death hath separated; one with gory countenance,
in an earth-grave a man hath hidden.

So o'erwhelm'd this world the Creator of men,
till that of the inhabitants, in the briefest moment,
the old works of giants stood desolate. (87)

But he who this wall'd place wisely devis'd,
and this dark life profoundly contemplates,
wise in spirit, afar oft remembers (90)

his many battles, and these words utters:

Where is horse, where is man? where is the treasure-giver ?
where are the festive sittings ? where are the joys of the hall?
Alas bright cup ! alas mail'd warrior ! (94)

alas chieftain's splendour ! how the time has pass'd,
has darken'd under veil of night, as if it had not been.

Stands now behind the beloved warriors
the wall of wonderous height, with worm carcasses foul.

The men has swept away the spearmen's band, (99)
the slaughter-greedy weapon, and fate omnipotent

and these stone shelters storms dash,

fierce-rushing; binds the earth

the winter's violence; then comes dusky,

darkens, the shade of night, from the north sends

the rough hail-shower, to men's grievance. (105)

Irksome is all the realm of earth,
the fates' decrees change the world under heaven:
here is wealth transient, here is a friend transient,
here is man transient, here is a kinsman transient;
all this place of earth shall become desolate.-- (110)
so spake a sage in mind, sat apart in meditation.

Good is he who holds his faith. Never his affliction too quickly should
a man from his breast make known, unless he ere the remedy can
vigorously forward. Well it is for him who seeketh mercy,
comfort, at the Father in heaven, where all our fastness standeth.

The Wanderer

Translation by Michael Alexander

(lines 1- 5)

Who liveth alone longeth for mercy,
Maker's mercy. Though he must traverse
Tracts of sea, sick at heart,
- Trouble with oars ice-cold waters,
The ways of exile - Weird is set fast.

(lines 6-7)

Thus spoke such a 'grasshopper', old griefs in his mind,
Cold slaughters, the death of dear kinsmen:

(line 7- 14)

'Alone am I driven each day before daybreak
To give my cares utterance.
None are there now among the living
To whom I dare declare me throughly,
Tell my heart's thought. Too truly I know
It is in a man no mean virtue
That he keep close his heart's chest,
Hold his thought-hoard, think as he may.

(lines 15-18)

No weary mind may stand against Weird
Nor may a wrecked will work new hope;
Wherefore, most often, those eager for fame
Bind the dark mood fast in their breasts.

(lines 19-29a)

So must I also curb my mind,
Cut off from country, from kind far distant,
By cares overworn, bind it in fetters;
This since, long ago, the ground's shroud
Enwrapped my gold-friend. Wretched I went thence,
Winter-wearied, over the waves' bound;
Dreary I sought hall of a gold-giver,
Where far or near I might find
Him who in meadhall might take heed of me,
Furnish comfort to a man friendless,
Win me with cheer.

(lines 29b-36)

He knows who makes trial
How harsh and bitter is care for companion
To him who hath few friends to shield him.
Track ever taketh him, never the torqued gold,
Not earthly glory, but cold heart's cave.
He minds him of hall-men, of treasure-giving,
How in his youth his gold-friend
Gave him to feast. Fallen all this joy.

(lines 37-44)

He knows this who is forced to forgo his lord's,
His friend's counsels, to lack them for long:
Oft sorrow and sleep, banded together,
Come to bind the lone outcast;
He thinks in his heart then that he his lord
Claspeth and kisseth, and on knee layeth
Hand and head, as he had at otherwhiles
In days now gone, when he enjoyed the gift-stool.

(lines 45-50)

Awakeneth after this friendless man,
Seeth before him fallow waves,
Seabirds bathing, broading out feathers,
Snow and hail swirl, hoar-frost falling.
Then all the heavier his heart's wounds,
Sore for his loved lord. Sorrow freshens.

(lines 51-57)

Remembered kinsmen press through his mind;
He singeth out gladly, scanneth eagerly
Men from the same hearth. They swim away.
Sailors' ghosts bring not many
Known songs there. Care grows fresh
In him who shall send forth too often
Over locked waves his weary spirit.

(lines 58-63)

Therefore I may not think, throughout this world,
Why cloud cometh not on my mind
When I think over all the life of earls,
How at a stroke they have given up hall,
Mood-proud thanes. So this middle earth
Each of all days aeth and falleth. '

(lines 64-72)

Wherefore no man grows wise without he have
His share of winters. A wise man holds out;
He is not too hot-hearted, nor too hasty in speech,
Nor too weak a warrior, not wanting in fore-thought,
Nor too greedy of goods, nor too glad, nor too mild,
Nor ever too eager to boast, ere he knows all.
A man should forbear boastmaking
Until his fierce mind fully knows
Which way his spleen shall expend itself.

(lines 73-84)

A wise man may grasp how ghastly it shall be
When all this world's wealth standeth waste,
Even as now, in many places, over the earth
Walls stand, wind-beaten,
Hung with hoar-frost; ruined habitations.
The wine-halls crumble; their wielders lie
Bereft of bliss, the band all fallen
Proud by the wall. War took off some,
Carried them on their course hence; one a bird bore
Over the high sea; one the hoar wolf
Dealt to death; one his drear-checked
Earl stretched in an earthen trench.

(lines 85-91)

The Maker of men hath so marred this dwelling

That human laughter is not heard about it

And idle stand these old giant-works.

A man who on these walls wisely looked

Who sounded deeply this dark life

Would think back to the blood spilt here,

Weigh it in his wit. His word would be this:

(lines 92-93)

'Where is that horse now? Where are those men? Where is the hoard-sharer?

Where is the house of the feast? Where is the hall 's uproar?

(lines 94-96)

Alas, bright cup! Alas, burnished fighter!

Alas, proud prince! How that time has passed,

Dark under night's helm, as though it never had been!

(lines 97-100)

There stands in the stead of staunch thanes

A towering wall wrought with worm-shapes;

The earls are off-taken by the ash-spear's point,

- That thirsty weapon. Their Weird is glorious.

(lines 101-05)

Storms break on the stone hillside,
The ground bound by driving sleet,
Winter's wrath. Then wanness cometh,
Night's shade spreadeth, sendeth from north
The rough hail to harry mankind.

(lines 106-115)

In the earth-realm all is crossed;
Weird's will changeth the world.
Wealth is lent us, friends are lent us,
Man is lent, kin is lent;
All this earth's frame shall stand empty. '
So spoke the sage in his heart; he sat apart in thought.
Good is he who keeps faith: nor should care too fast
Be out of a man's breast before he first know the cure:
A warrior fights on bravely. Well is it for him who seeks forgiveness,
The Heavenly Father's solace, in whom all our fastness stands.

The Wanderer

Translated by Rick McDonald

Often the one dwelling alone mercy awaits for himself
the creator's kindness although he is sorrowful at heart
through the water path a long he has been obliged to
stir with his hands the frost cold sea--

traverses the paths of exile Fate is fully determined. (5)

Thus said the earth-stepper, hardship remembering,
of grievous slaughter, dear kinsmen's deaths.

"Often I am obliged alone each dawn

to lament my sorrows. There is not now anyone alive

to whom my heart I dare (10)

openly express. Also, I know truly

that it is in a warrior a very noble custom

that he his inner thoughts should fetter firm,

contain his treasured thoughts, think as he wishes.

Nor may the miserable of mind fate withstand. (15)

therefore those eager for fame, oft wretchedness

in their breast chambers bind fast.

Therefore those eager for justice wretchedness often

in their breast chamber bind fast.

So I my mind must

often miserable bereft of native land (20)

far from noble kinsman fastened with fetters
since years ago my gold-friend
the earth with darkness covered and I abject thence
proceed winter-grieving over the waves' binding.

Gloomy, I sought the house of a treasure bestower (25)

where I, far or near might meet with a power (powerful one?)

Him who in meadhall my mine understood

until my friendless (ness) will comfort

console with pleasures. He who experiences it, knows

how cruel is the sorrow at traveling (30)

As he who possesses for himself few friendly protectors,

the path of exile hold him not the wound gold

soul's enclosure chilled, not earthly glory.

He remembers the hall-warriors and the receiving of treasure

how in his youth his gold-friend (35)

honored him there at feast. Joy has all crumbled!

Therefore he knows that he must his friendly lord's

dear instructive speeches long go without

Then sorrow and sleep united together

the miserable solitary one often fetter. (40)

He thinks in his mind that he his lord
is embracing and kissing and on knee laying
his hands and head, just as he sometimes before
in days of yore the gift-stool enjoyed.

Then he awakes again, lordless man, (45)

sees before him the dusky path (to be traveled)
sea gulls bathe spread their feathers
hoarfrost and snow fall rapidly mingled with hail

Then are those severe heart wounds
for beloved ones painful. Sorrow is made new, (50)

when the kinsman's memory passes through his mind.

He salutes joyfully eagerly looks upon

warrior companions. They float away again.

The floating ones' spirits there bring not many
familiar songs. Grief is renewed (55)

for him who must send (over the waves' binding)

(his exceedingly) weary spirit

Therefore I can not think throughout this world

for when (my) heart will not become gloomy

when I this warrior's life thoroughly contemplate (60)

how they suddenly the floor abandoned
courageous young-retainers. So this middle dwelling
every day crumbles and falls dead.

Therefore one cannot become too learned a man, before he has
winters' portion in this earthly kingdom. A wise man must be patient (65)
nor he ought not to be too hot-tempered nor too hasty in speech
not too weak a warrior nor too reckless
nor too afraid, nor too joyful nor too greedy for gifts
nor never of glory too desirous before he really knows.

A man ought to wait when he speaks a vow (70)
until fierce-minded he indeed knows
whither his heart's deliberation will wander.

A clever warrior ought to understand how terrible it is,
when all this world's wealth stands desolate
as now diversely throughout this middle earth. (75)

Against wind blows walls stand
covered with hoarfrost the dwellings storm-beaten
the wine halls crumbling to pieces the ruler lies dead
revelry has perished the multitude all fell dead,
by the magnificent wall. Some war destroyed. (80)

carried them on a journey some a bird carried off

over the high sea some that hoary wolf

divided with death some a sad-faced one

in earthen cave a warrior concealed.

Thus this dwelling place (of men) the creator (devastated)
(85)

until the inhabitants of the city lacking any a sound [or revelry]

ancient giant's fortress stood vacant

He then this foundation prudently reflected upon

and upon this gloomily life profoundly contemplates,

wise in spirit often he remembers many
(90)

a multitude slaughtered in battle and utters this speech:

"Where has the man gone? Where has the horse gone? whence went the treasure giver?

whence went the banquet places? Where are all the hall revelry(s)

Alas bright cup! Alas mail-clad warrior!

Alas prince's splendor! How time has passed
(95)

darkened under night's-helm as if it had not been.

Now the stone slope outlasts the footstep of beloved one's army

wall wondrously high with serpent images inscribed.

Warriors destroyed by the ash-spear troop

weapons greedy for slaughter. Fate, that illustrious one,
(100)

and its stone slope with tempests trouble
rapidly falling snow storm the ground binds
winter's howling then comes darkly
the shadow of night grows dark sends forth from the north
a fierce hailstorm to the warriors' vexation.
(105)

All is full of hardship in this rich earth
fate changes destiny in the world under heaven.
Here is wealth transitory here is friend transitory
here is man transitory here is kinsman transitory
the foundation of all this earth becomes vain,
(110)

thus spoke the one wise in mind seated alone in secret counsel
Good is he that his troth keeps nor should (the warrior) his anger too quickly
of his breast make known unless he can know before then the remedy
nobleman to accomplish with strength accomplish It is best for him who seeks honor,
consolation from the father in heaven, where for us all security
remains. (115)